

Rosin the Beau /My Father's Broke the Ice and Gone

Rosin the Beau

AFS 1612 A1

I live for the good of my nation, and my sons are all growing slow, But I hope that my next generation will resemble Old Rosin the Beau. I've traveled this [whole?] world over, and now to the next I will go, For I know that good quarters await me, to welcome old Rosin the Beau.

In the gay rounds of pleasure I've traveled, nor will I behind me leave a foe, And when my companions are jovial, they will drink to old Rosin the Beau. But my life is now drawn to a closing and all will at last be so, So we'll take a full bumper a parting, to the name of old Rosin the Beau.

When I'm dead and laid out on the counter, the people making a show, Just sprinkle plain whiskey and water on the corpse of old Rosin the Beau. I'll have to be buried, I reckon, and the ladies will want to know, And they'll lift up the lid of my coffin, saying, "Here lies old Rosin the Beau."

Oh, when to my grave I am going, the children will all want to go, They'll run to the doors and the windows, saying, "There goes old Rosin the Beau." Then pick me out six trusty fellows, and let them all stand in a row, And dig a big hole in the center, and into it toss Rosin the Beau.

Then shape me out two little ???, and place one at my head and my toe, And do not forget to scratch on it, the name of old Rosin the Beau. Then let those six trusty good fellows, oh, let them all stand in a row, And rake down that big bellied bottle and drink to old Rosin the Beau.

My Father's Broke the Ice and Gone

AFS 1612 A2

My father's broke the ice and gone, Oh, Lord, how long? And soon we'll sing the heavenly song, Oh, Lord, how long?

Before this time, another year, I may be gone. And in some lonesome graveyard, Oh, Lord, how long?